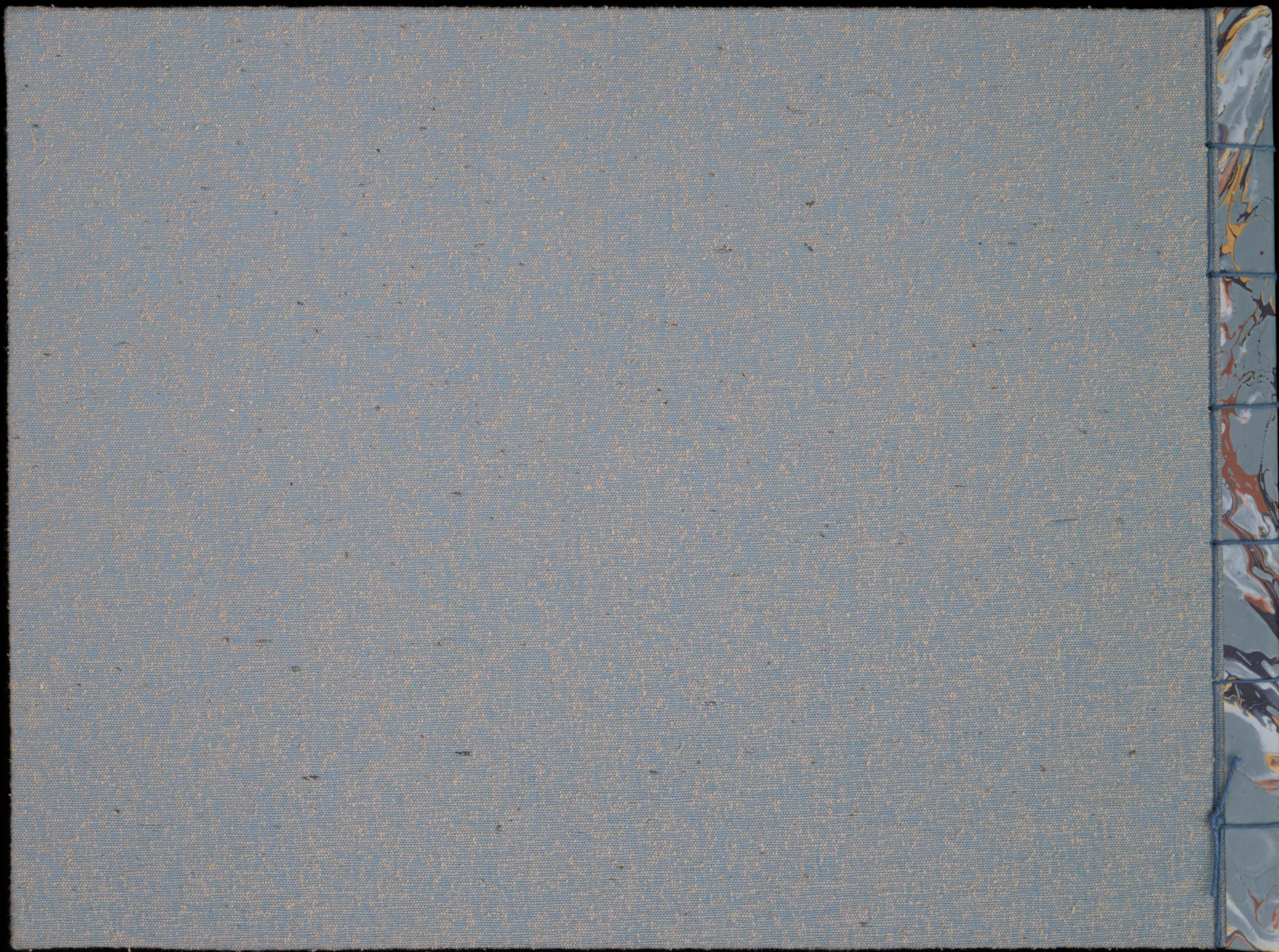
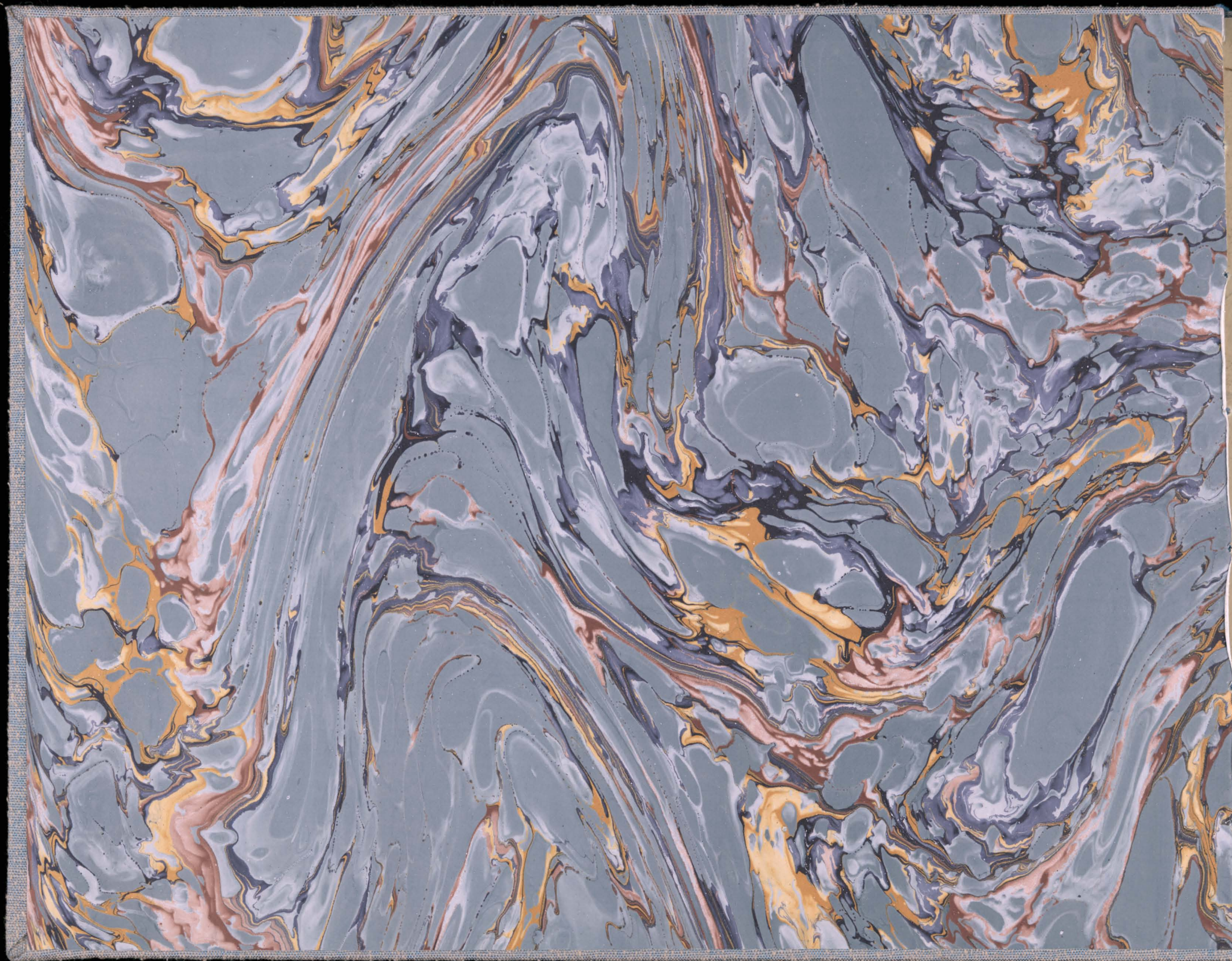


The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is bound in a blue-grey cloth with a fine, woven texture. A white rectangular label is pasted onto the cover, containing the word 'QUANTUM' in a grey, serif, all-caps font. The label is framed by a thin black border. On the left side of the book, the spine is visible, featuring a marbled paper design with swirling patterns of blue, yellow, and red. The spine is bound with dark blue thread in a traditional East Asian style, with visible stitching points.

QUANTUM









QUANTUM

NEXT

PHYSICS



UNKNOWN

NOW

the coy simultaneity of time explodes

NEXT

RHETORICS



UNKNOWN

NOW

The copy of the book of time explores

NEXT

RHETORIC

RAW

*FLAYED INTENSITY: the time of telling (a skin peels off), an illusory surface film, coherent for an instant.**

ENERGY

aches in living flesh

*Dear Lucretius's old onions shed themselves bare to float the world before our eyes.

Parallax view refracts the apparent snapshot of the page into its tributaries, histories, lineages, and trajectories.



<punctum>



A TIME THAT WAS TOLD.

The granularity of language, porous with temporal zones and latent spaces, connects each verbal chunk to taproot sources. This



FROZEN MOMENTS

BACK (he said)

WHEN the SPEED of LIGHT was FASTER than it is NOW

clumsy geometry of meaning relations, an archaic family tree, inbred and outward bound, spreads the seed of well-intentioned syntax over the moist ground of recollected sense. The gelatin of mutable prose flexes its muscular metaphors, migrating meaning through the fabric of letter and line. Awkward calisthenics. Words stink, redolent with associative tendencies and all their

newborn verbal nebulae

spiral freely into atmospheric figures

LAST

LAST YEAR's CONFIGURATIONS

echo GENTLY down a stream

complex social histories packed into little handbags of convenient behavior. Bit-mapped onto the vast prairie spaces, in trails and wild tracings, the morphemic devils unleash their odiferous archives to the eager air. Earthly repositories link to any shining vocal point visible in the surface of this page, its living network throbbing with unspent erotic drive, exciting the blood in its veins. Visit the places where meaning is actually made, inside the corners of our eyes,

whose vectoral authority will sweep aside the imaginary driver

LOCKED INTO

THE DAWN's EARLY LIFE

to capture the magnetic energies like damp files
to urge a gentle rearrangement of new priorities

FREELY INDEXED

LAST YEAR'S INVESTIGATION

LOCKED INTO THE MATHS

THE GUYTONS

Another well-known puzzle was the problem of conversion between the metric and the imperial systems. In this and other puzzles, the mathematicians found that their solutions were in the form of a simple algebraic equation. This is not always the case, but in the majority of cases it is. The puzzle is to find the value of the variable in the equation. This is done by using the rules of algebra. The first rule is that you can add or subtract the same number from both sides of the equation. The second rule is that you can multiply or divide both sides of the equation by the same number. The third rule is that you can raise both sides of the equation to the same power. The fourth rule is that you can take the same root of both sides of the equation. These rules are used to solve the equation for the variable. The solution is then checked by substituting it back into the original equation. If the equation is satisfied, then the solution is correct. If not, then the solution is incorrect. This is the basic method for solving algebraic equations. It is a simple but powerful tool that can be used to solve a wide range of problems. The mathematicians have found that this method is very effective for solving problems in many different areas of mathematics. It is a testament to the power of algebra that it can be used to solve such a wide range of problems. The mathematicians have also found that this method can be used to solve problems in many different areas of science. It is a testament to the power of algebra that it can be used to solve such a wide range of problems. The mathematicians have also found that this method can be used to solve problems in many different areas of science. It is a testament to the power of algebra that it can be used to solve such a wide range of problems.

When the puzzle was solved, the mathematicians found that the solution was very simple. It was a testament to the power of algebra that it could be used to solve such a complex problem. The mathematicians have also found that this method can be used to solve problems in many different areas of science. It is a testament to the power of algebra that it can be used to solve such a wide range of problems. The mathematicians have also found that this method can be used to solve problems in many different areas of science. It is a testament to the power of algebra that it can be used to solve such a wide range of problems.

to explain the puzzle, the mathematicians found that the solution was very simple. It was a testament to the power of algebra that it could be used to solve such a complex problem. The mathematicians have also found that this method can be used to solve problems in many different areas of science. It is a testament to the power of algebra that it can be used to solve such a wide range of problems. The mathematicians have also found that this method can be used to solve problems in many different areas of science. It is a testament to the power of algebra that it can be used to solve such a wide range of problems.

THE GUYTONS

ANCIENT EXCEPTIONS

AMONG
the exile stones of ancestral REASON

according to a PATTERN found nowhere in PHYSICS' outlying districts
certain of their deviant future and past acts of compromised faith

watching us from within. Inside out, we make the world through the parsing of signs and signals, an inhalation and exhaling of the pulsions driven by appetites that scrape our sentient flesh bare so that it may encounter its own passionate innocence by surprise. Invented daylight, once manufactured, is now out-sourced. Hard rock headlines of

ONCE in FREE FALL

outward towards the sharp face of STARS

who will probe the witness engine

when human features configure themselves

lurk in geologic ZONES

BATHED in DEEPLY

PRESERVED TEARS

inhabited by the quasi-primitive speech, fresh to grammar
chronology implodes

MILLENNIAL DUST

harsh commerce tax the soul, smearing ink on the inquiring mind as it rubs against the glass. Offshore diction, once scorned, now twice wary, drills into material facts. Molecular mothering hangs suspended between original syntax and future semantics. Family history, translated into flesh, cries out in real pain. Before now genetic vocabularies divided into tributaries. The dialect of singular identities frays out in a capillary fan, reaching into northern swamps

points of reference, once part of a pocket system

return

YEARS HENCE, already RECYCLED

waiting for a call back

surreptitiously, until they crack like so many silicon acorns

as deeper STRATA of improbable pasts
get struck open along a worried vein

an era collapsed

Original MOMENTS
passed through the

EONS of FINE TALCUM

GRAINS

and peasant cultures. Robustness of copy, shot through with its own awarenenses, detects a single rotting thread ready to unravel the tensile grammar. Standing points measure each phrase against another, without judgment, holding the dross text and crystal in indifferent turn. Fate is the dimmest of decrees, merely incidental, a naked newborn, mewling in guttural, utterly unable to fend for itself. We save it, wanting something to rewrite in the name of family

to recalculate our POEMS until they streak
useless information like a trail of SPUME

EVEN SERENDIPITOUSLY

beneath the imprinting trace

EVEN SERENDIPITOUSLY

under observation like a trail of SPUME

to establish our POEMS and their words

found the laughing ones

nothing is greater, words made to find the truth. We were a young womanhood to grow in the state of family
ing the chosen and opened in isolation from the in the domain of dream, nearly and finally a naked woman
ways to answer the world's questions. Standing before us was a woman without judgment, full
and present culture. Robinson of copy, then through with its own awareness, almost a high rising story

GRAINS

FROM A POET'S JOURNAL

as the light

the story's open along a curved vein

is deeper STRATA of improbable past

Original MOMENTS

passed through the

Richer **ORE** and outworn
tensions rose into burst effluvia

OF OUR LIVES real as carbon,
elusive as the ashes

POWDERING the FRONT PAGE

OF DATA

but the actions of the planets happen independently, so that cause is the merest freak of reading, a monumental coincidence of sometimes repetitive activity in an arbitrarily framed clause. Illusions of reliable order are products of a too-grammatical ennui. The universe also tires of coping with continual invention. The exceptional solutions get away

Corrupt **TEXT** files its own claims
through one **RAPID FIRE** generation after another

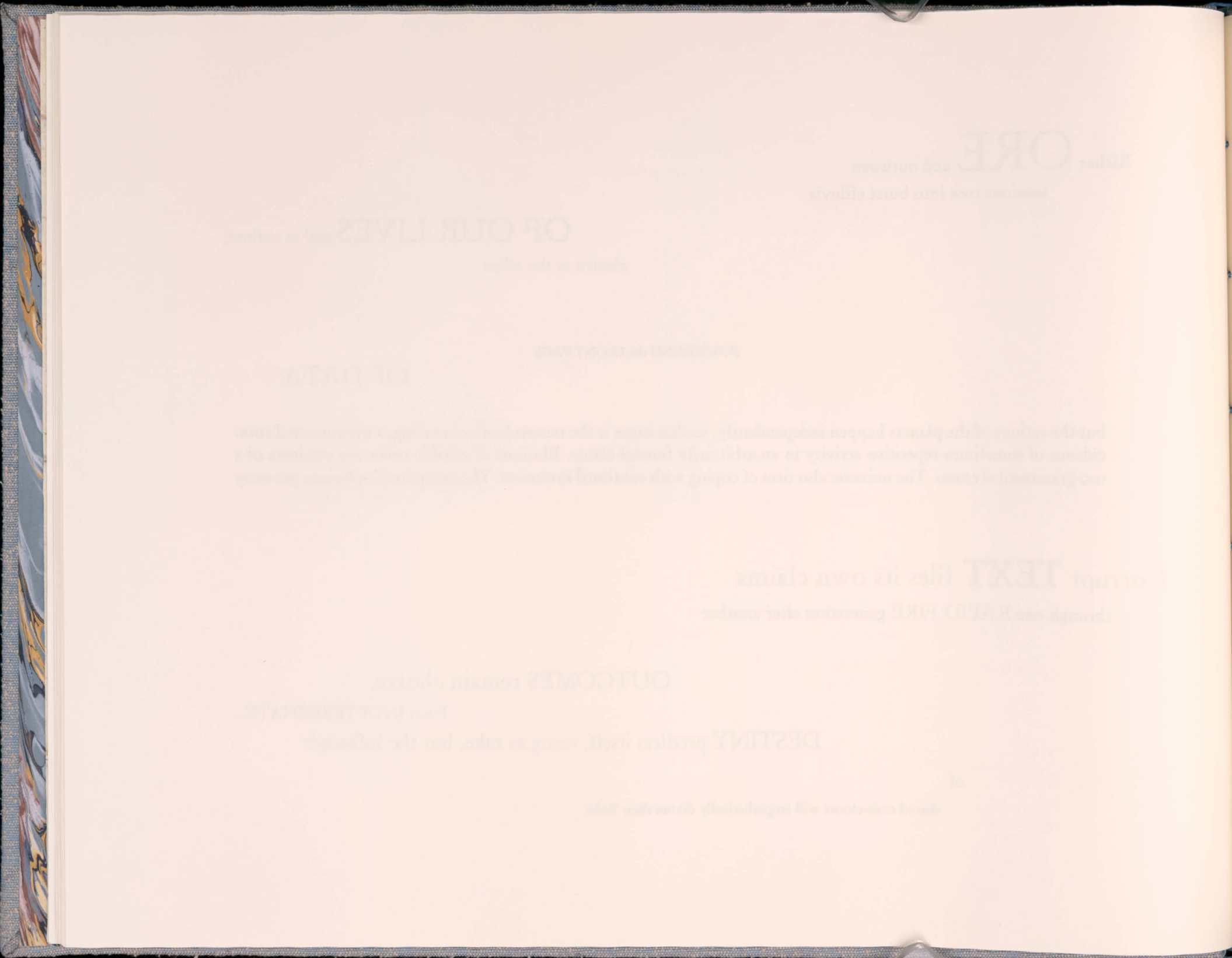
OUTCOMES remain elusive.

Even **INDETERMINATE** .

DESTINY predicts itself, smug as cake, but the influence

of

shared code-clones will empathetically divine their links



TR
in

w
c
to
o

while f

SEN
C

TRASH CAN of HISTORY burst
into so many jism STREAMS

fossil tongues lie about the past

Speak, MEMORY,

let the monkey teams break the
barbaric limit
of knowledge
into true communication
hounding the quaint

KEYBOARDS

TURBULENCE ERUPTED in the SHARDS COMPACTED around an HISTORIC DATE

with glib editorial murder, slipping off on greased lightning as if they could escape notice. Uncodified and ritualistically available, the unsystematic rains drop their random patterns onto the parched surface of the brain, giving rise to a writing so arcane its very alphabet replaces one glyph with another in the act of being born. Not for the sake of novelty, but for the purpose of unlimited recounting. How many sets of books do we have in the current archive?

while fragile sources of desire push us to erotic limits

of shared WIRING too intimate
for LANGUAGE

SEND a POSTCARD towards an unimaginable future

COORDINATES

bitmapped against the far flung grid

in spite of its random access attitude

TRASH CAN of HISTORY
time to many years STREAMS

Speak, MEMORY,

for the memory's sake, speak the

memory's name

of memory

for the memory's sake

memory's name

KEYBOARDS

TURBULENCE ERUPTED in the SHARDS COMPACTED around an HISTORIC DATE

with the efficient manner, slipping off on ground lightning as it that could escape notice. Unnoticed and undisturbed
only available, the movement's time that's motion's content with the pointed surface of the book, giving the
to a writer as it seems its very alphabet replaces one glyph with another in the act of being born. Not for the sake
of novelty, but for the purpose of unlimited reworking. How many say of books do we have in the common subject?

the high ground of their path is to write their

of shared WIRING too intimate
for LANGUAGE

SEND POSTCARD towards an unrecognizable future

COORDINATES

disappearing again into the past and

in spite of its constant re-appearing

RAGS and BONES
BASTARD TRADES

(lay about)

STOLEN MOMENTS

(that cliché)

temporal foreclosure OSSIFIED
OUTDATED mortgages anchored
reluctantly
to their calendrical moorings.

An outcropping of RISING HEADLINES, hard-fought, defined BEGINNING and ENDPOINTS precious FINITUDES

Infinitely specific, highly particular, the immoderate modes of quantum poetics expose incarnate readings of their ever differentiating selves. Temporal tongues, swift as those mythic messengers, permanent as smoke on the loyal air, leave their written record etched in the space that arcs between the city of knowledge and the pastoral reaches

rubbing up against outrageous fortune
the expansive rush

EVENT WINDOWS

everything that has mattered now matters more
risky protocols may unfold before our very eyes

VERITIES

OUTCOMES

flee and
hyperventilate accelerate

STOLEN MOMENTS

STOLEN MOMENTS
STOLEN MOMENTS

OUTDATED

OUTDATED
OUTDATED

STOLEN MOMENTS
STOLEN MOMENTS

STOLEN MOMENTS
STOLEN MOMENTS

EVENT WINDOWS

EVENT WINDOWS

OUTCOMES

OUTCOMES
OUTCOMES

Unused MECHANISMS long fallow
too latent for revival

COMPRESSED
EVIDENCE
the particles of
early explosions

FILTERED through a seepage bed

of ONE HUMAN STRETCH of TIME

of imaginary culture. A popular artifice, dearest text, takes everything to heart and mind. The writhing inscriptions keep their dogged faith alive in the letters, seeming like fixed fragments, but really soft as cheese on a relative scale. Light inhabits us in its embrace, passing through our mutual paraphrase of matter and matters. Noise is nonsense, a happy patter, physical in the last detail, in the intervals left open by the travelling illumination. A horizon of missed

promise to cure culpability
and dazzle the becoming

Increasing the PROPENSITY
OF capricious PROGRAMS
to outstrip each other

APPARATUS

towards the asymptote of our clumsily emergent understanding

the PR

acc

of legibl

PETROGLYPHS

opport
tics fr
delive

so man

the PROFOUND and the TRIVIAL never
cancelled each other out--

accretion followed
a happy ACCIDENT become a palimpsestic plot
of legible landscape. Maybe

RACED towards
the next gap

PETROGLYPHS and lithic deposits intertwined FIGURES

TALES TOLD publicly broke highly distilled sweat,
like bitters, onto their brows and out from the thick furrows,
leaving the LEXICON dry between its well-worn BOARDS

opportunities fractures coherence nicely. The backdrop illusion of here and how, now and wherefore, lifts semantics from the pulsing mutability of complex parallel processes. Passing this face off as real, the multifaceted parcel post delivery system of meme packets takes up residence one lexical unit at a time. Impoverished bibliographic procedures,

Come this way, you FUTURE
BEINGS, outstrip the regular sequences into which
mere mortals had been mired

so many winged curcuits

TAKE FLIGHT

using small hooks of specific information to LAUNCH

PROFOUND and the TRIVIAL
of each other one-
ACCIDENT
of the language this be

THEORY and the
the point over that were taken from the text
having the book in the house or with some other

opportunity to make reference to it. The packing of the book and the way it was
from the point of view of the publisher. The book is a work of the highest quality
delivery of the book to the reader. The book is a work of the highest quality

FUTURE
BEINGS
more minds had been added

TAKE FLIGHT
many small books of verse, information or LAUNCH

smoke
pre

far less
Outmo
speak t
is hardl

shall we balance

smoke trails

DETAILS

precipitates of sense, old droppings, vanished LIES

IN THE TERRAIN

between minerals and life

A chunked LEGACY exposed itself to LIGHT across the ancient SEABED of substantive syntax.

far less articulate than the birds whose sonic stabs pierce the fabric of late afternoon, to stake their linguistic claim. Outmoded aesthetic effects sustain only the merest interpretive system, inadequate to the task of telling us how to speak the culture of things across the surface of recursive grammars. Recovering the structural architecture of thought is hardly an archaeologists dream anymore, since all the logicians have been put out to pasture, necks bent in obedience

several directions at once

OPEN up

of INEVITABILITY

countering the awful sense

shall we balance imperfectly ON the EDGE of our

OUTLOOK FRAMES

DETAILS

...of the ...

IN THE TERRAIN

...between ...

A ...

...the ...

INEVITABILITY

OPEN

...the ...

...ON THE EDGE

OUTLOOK FRAMES

EMOTIONS went south,
sour,
slightly SOILED in
the SEEPAGE of a trunkful of indecipherable scrolls OF
whatever could be captured
FOR
the sake of posterity

EXPLOITATION, the OVERTURNED FIELD, staked and CLAIMED a RECKLESS ABANDONMENT of nostalgic SEASONAL CYCLES

to their appetites. No story is the same as we remember. Or, to put it another, mild, way, we are ourselves the unreliable suffering witnesses to our own repeated testimony under rapid execution. Fools rush and spell-check replaces the standard formats, cutting across vocabulary lines with adolescent abandon. A copier fast as fumes, races through

speeding up,

a handful of VELOCITY OPTIONS transect
the submissive sky
light years tremble, inept at finding their way with the blind

TRAJECTORIES

awkwardly SIMULATED humanity
heat-seeking OPPORTUNITY

Non-navigable paths pulse freely, eager to escape their usual definitions
fraught with molecular EXPLOSIONS that stretch unmapped toward an outer
galaxy with innovative adverbial posture

FEAR
trapped

UNPARDON

the
big
ple
the

thro
ORIFI

FEAR and TREMBLING
trapped (rubble without a cause)

UNPARDONABLE antiquity promised so much more than was ever delivered

Resonant
ECHOES
stomping roughshod OVER
the INERT sentences
from which we took off many
MOONS
ago

as in the SWIFT DEATH
of
an afternoon they found

the files. The disjunct between delivery and destination, a sub-directory re-route, opens a gap in the discourse field big enough to stick a fist in. Such is our condition, destined as we are to editorial revision on all sides. Ephemeral pleasures may mark the rising and falling of our human tides, but the moment of disappearance signals to us through the very same flames that have haunted souls forever, still to no apparent end. Every reference passes through us, for

a HEAVEN of banality
far from this amazing HELL

glimpses of one soul to another
through open in
ORIFICES
of COMMUNICATION

as the INNOCENT account of prosody swells
and lurches,
eager to re-invent our EXPERIENCE again

A MOMENT of triumphant nano-speak,
SWAGGERING

better, I
awake to
on their

PU

used to g

OF I

the ALPHA of illusions
in a crack between and
the lost OMEGA of

MYSTIC

pseudo-tribal phonetics
recollecting

ATAVISTIC

invention

better, for worse, for antique algebra and final equations. We who are I may punctuate without seeing a thing, or be awake to the minutiae of calibrated history. Encyclopedic movements have no bearing on the wearing of words nor on their ludic games, performing us for their amusement. The intervals we speak into call out to us in turn, answering

PURE DELIGHT

we may replace the whole natural seeming universe

with MEAGRE ALTERNATIVES

used to going under the name

programmed to perform in anemic imitation

OF LIFE

MESSAGES sped to the outer edges will come back

a FUTURE cast of eternal REVERB

the ALPHA of the line
is a word between
the two OMEGA's

MYSTIC

prophetic phrases

collecting

ATAVISTIC

revelation

better for words for unique signs and their explanation. We who are I may perhaps without seeing a thing or be
as in the manner of old world history. Ecce homo! We have no doubt on the way of which we
on their side games, performing us for their enjoyment. The things we speak and tell us as in their way of

PURE DELIGHT

we may repeat the whole world's history

MEASURE ALTERNATIVES

programmed to perform in music notation

used to going under the name

OF LIFE

ADVANCED from the same signs as the same back
- FUTURE out of control REVERB

MYTHIC ORIGINS

THAT WAS YESTERDAY

PARTICLES

below the archaeology of this page.

tagged presence with marked absence, each an opportunity for invention. Anomalies abound, quick as ants, eager to escape notice. Tightwire lines of inquiry stretch to the communicating horizon, casting a shadow that looks just like meaning onto the ground of the page. Composition trips over its own polygot capability, preserving its heritage within the accelerated pace of a frantic refresh rate. Here (where the universe begins and ends) is where it stops.

WAVES

harbingers of a higher order

and

of

possible outcomes

NOTICE

WHAT WAS VERIFIED

PARTICLES

below the surface of the water

regard particles with marked distance, each an opportunity for discussion. Anomalous results, such as have been
observed, I should like to see the corresponding particles, having a view to the fact that the
movement of the particles is not the same as the movement of the water, but is a result of the
action of the particles on the water, and not the other way round.

WAVES

the surface of a liquid

possible causes

< leap >



For my Q Mad -

with love -

in Charlottesville -

December 2000

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Asturnal oblique, these rays, passing quickly into winter light, strike the screen. Produced in Quark and then on slides for a reading at the Drawing Center on November 7, 2000, election day. The dynamic modelling effects to come later, in electronic form. For now this printed version exists in a handful of copies, printed on an HP Deskjet 1120C, on Mohawk Superfine, bound by hand by the author.

Of course, the drawing is a Q.





